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THE LITTLE MERCHANT.—AFTER ADOLPHE PIOT.

EMILE VAN MARCKE.

A PUPIL of the great master, Troyon, it is admitted that Van Marcke is one of the best landscape and cattle painters of the present day; he seems to have acquired from his teacher the secret of a perfect art, and worthily follows in his footsteps. Troyon was fond of depicting animal life pure and simple, without even the dash of human feeling which Landseer gave to his animals; he was laboriously correct in his studies, only that he might be bolder and freer in his pictures. He paid much regard to the tonality of his works, sacrificing all meretricious brilliance, and working in a very low key. Yet he was a colorist, and has reached noble results in quiet hues. At the Schaus gallery, Broadway, New York, there is a large and important picture by Troyon—an immense fat white bull, flacked with spots of red, painted from nature in the master's broadest and strongest style. The animal is foreshortened, looks toward the spectator, and nearly fills the canvas. The texture of his hide is superb, and the great rolls of fat are truthfully indicated. The animal stands beneath a dark greenish blue sky, and in the distance there is simply the color of a forest, gloomy and indistinct. To-day Troyon's pictures bring immense prices. Two of his works were recently sold in Paris—"Bœufs au Labor," for 17,800 francs, and "Vaches au Repos dans un Paturage," for 19,600 francs. Van Marcke's pictures possess in an eminent degree the characteristics so much admired in Troyon's. He devotes himself almost exclusively to cattle, which he is content to depict as he finds them in the meadows of Normandy. Correct in drawing, good in color, low and rich in tone, simple but effective in composition, his works rank among the best, and are eagerly sought after on both sides of the Atlantic. Compared with Troyon's, they lack strength and boldness, and are, perhaps, a little cold, but nevertheless satisfactory and pleasing. One of the best pictures this artist ever painted is called "The Spring at Neslette, in Normandy," exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1877 and purchased by Mr. Brown of Philadelphia, in whose gallery it now hangs. This charming work we reproduce in the present number. The original did not leave France without expressions of regret from the press of that country that so fine a canvas was to be lost in America! Not much of a composition, it is true; a very simple picture of a little spring in Normandy; yet how natural, tender and winning! In this modest subject the details have been wrought with ability and loving fidelity. The bird, the section of rail fence, the field wild flowers, are faithful studies from nature, and in the original oil painting form an interesting and pretty corner of the picture. The gentle rise of land at the right, crowned with two fine old trees with shortened trunks and wide-spreading limbs, serving as a dark background to the group of cattle in front, form a *tout ensemble* which is harmonious and pleasing to the eye. The cattle are two good specimens of Normandy cows, leaning against each other in the familiar way peculiar to these animals. One of them stands with her feet in the spring, which is bordered with lush grasses, and over the edge of which we see a stretch of meadow to the horizon line, with other cattle feeding. The cows are magnificently painted; the white contrasting strongly with the deep red one, running into black, in the rear; the light falls from above, and, striking upon the face and back of the cow, leaves the limbs in cool, bluish shadows, which end in the surface of the pool—a bit of mosaic water, reflecting all the tones of the picture. Van Marcke is fond of this composition, a similar picture, called "In the Marsh,"—showing the same cattle in the same position, only the dark one has changed places with the white—being on private exhibition at the Schaus gallery in New York. Another work by this artist at the same place, one of his latest, "At the Trough," shows two fine cattle drinking from a wooden trough, which has been placed in the middle of a broad level meadow. A third cow is reposing on the grass, ruminating. This is strong in color, low in tone, and has a dark and lowering sky, clouds heavy with moisture, a peculiarity of Normandy, and seen in our picture—"The Spring at Neslette."

Emile Van Marcke was born at Sevres, of foreign parents who became naturalized French citizens. He now has a studio in Paris. He won medals in 1867, 1869 and 1870, and in 1872 received the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. At the Exposition Universelle he exhibited three works: "La Forêt," "La Falaise" and "Le Pré Morgan." At the Salon of 1873 he

exhibited "La Corderie" and "Le Manlin;" in 1875, "The Village Pasture, Normandy," "The River Morte at Tréport," and "A Bridge on the Bresles, Normandy;" in 1874, "La Plaine" and "La Forêt;" in 1878, "Le gué de Monthiers, Normandie." A goodly number of Van Marcke's pictures are owned in this country. The largest canvas in Mr. W. T. Walters' gallery, at 65 Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore, is a broad and impressive work, a cattle picture, by Van Marcke. A fine picture by this same artist is in the collection of Mrs. H. E. Maynard of Boston. At the Johnston sale, held in New York in 1876, "A Herd of French Cattle," 38 by 59 inches, sold for \$5,100, and a "Landscape with Cattle," 14 by 21 inches, brought \$2,650. Cattle pieces by this artist can be found in the galleries of Jordan L. Mott, Esq., and J. Abner Harper, Esq., of New York. The collection of the late Charles A. Lamont contained two beautiful Van Marckes—"Cattle at the Well," and "Cows, with Landscape." Mr. Marshall O. Roberts has in his gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, a large and important Van Marcke, "Morning," a man on horseback driving cows. Mr. James A. Raynor of East Thirty-sixth Street, New York, possesses a recently purchased work by this artist, superb in tone, called "Evening," with homeward bound cattle, a fine addition to his very choice collection of pictures. The private collection formed by Mr. Albert Spencer, sold in New York in April, 1879, contained three Van Marckes—"Cattle," "Cows in a Pool," and "Cattle in a Meadow." There was also a small Troyon in this collection, 12 by 9 inches, called "A Study of Cattle," which sold for \$825, bought by Mr. G. G. Haven of Fifth Avenue, New York, who also gave \$1,225 for Van Marcke's "Cows in a Pool." Mr. J. B. Bloesom of Brooklyn purchased the "Cattle" piece for \$590, and Mr. Theron R. Butler of New York the "Cattle in a Meadow" for \$1,800.

AMERICAN PAINTERS AT THE SALON OF 1879.

THE year 1879 will be memorable in the annals of American art in that it is the date of the first purchase of an American picture by the French Government from a public exhibition, as is the Salon of Paris, to be deposited among the works by living artists at the gallery of the Luxembourg. The honor to the painter is greater, in that the exhibit of American artists this year was larger and more important in good works than at any previous Salon; in fact, their pictures stood well beside those of more celebrated painters, and more than once we heard the exclamation: "The Americans are becoming very strong!" And the awards by the jury to our countrymen, and women too, is an indorsement of that public expression; for three "honorable mentions" were given—one to Henry Mosler, for his "Le Retour;" one to John L. Sargent, for his portrait of "Carolus Duran," his master; and another to Miss Gardner, for her picture "A la Fontaine," which we understand was purchased by the Goupils, the French Government becoming the purchasers of Mr. Mosler's "Le Retour." Though but "honorable mentions" were given our artists, their works were worthy of higher awards. It is but natural that foreign artists should produce pictures much above the usual to obtain recompenses over their own painters. In this case the "honorable mentions" rank, in our opinion, with second-class medals, as many native works receiving that award were inferior in excellence to either Mr. Mosler's or Mr. Sargent's. But, as we have said, it is but natural, and you know "charity begins at home." How many such "retours" transpire daily the world over, God alone knows; how many widowed mothers, sustained by only sons, are there in the world, God alone knows. In France there are many, very many, among the wealthy, as among the poor; but wealth is an elixir that soothes away many of the burdens which oppress the humbler class; the silver thread and the furrowed brow come slower. The artist naturally enters the humble home in search of his pathos; wealthy surroundings do not harmonize. And so it is that Mr. Mosler finds in a poor Breton's cot the material for his pathetic poem. Just how many years of widowhood have whitened her hair, painting cannot tell; but now she is old and sick. The village *curé*, her constant friend, warns the son, who is in another part of the country, that his mother's days are few. His bundle is hastily made and, barefooted, he hastens to his home—too late! The years have done their work. In an old, high, cupboard-like bedstead, the worm-

eaten doors wide open—they have been opening and shutting for centuries, perhaps, opening to let the light of life in to new-born eyes, and shutting out that lovely light from eyes that no longer see—lies the mother; the hard-worked hands are quiet upon the breast, a crucifix between. At her head two candles, one on each side, illuminate the recesses of the old bedstead and shed an orange light upon her worn face and white drapery around. Standing by the bedside, his black robes relieved against the toned red of the worn furniture, is the village *curé*, who, after administering the *viatique*, the last friendly earthly act in his power, has come to pray by the side of his old parishioner. The son enters, travel-soiled, bespattered; his bundle and sabots fall from his hands; weak with haste, burdened with sorrow, he casts himself upon the earth and folds his brawny arms above his head in desolation. The priest half turns; in thought his hand searches to suppress the words of comfort upon his lips he feels so willing to give but knows to be so untimely. In the other hand is the book of prayers, one finger remaining in its closed pages, that he may tell the orphan how "blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted." Such is the humble poem; but we fear that few of our countrymen will ever see in what strong language it is told. The beauty of the low-tone coloring, of which the black robes of the priest form the heart; the careful placing of the minor details and objects; and the solid square painting, preserved in the most delicate modeling of the features—all of which go to make up one of the best pictures, and certainly the best American picture, of this year's Salon. We heartily congratulate Mr. Mosler upon his success, and envy the government the possession of a picture we should have been glad to see in one of our own public galleries.

Two works very important for the research and study displayed were those of Mr. F. A. Bridgman and Edwin Blashfield. Mr. Bridgman's "Procession of the Sacred Bull, Apis," is remarkable for its learned display of ancient Egyptian costumes. It is astonishing that the painter, from such wearying research, should produce such beautiful and instructive work. It would be wholly impossible if the artist were not heart and soul in his work. Add to this labor the splendid style, graceful composition and drawing so lavishly bestowed even upon the smallest object, and it is not difficult to understand that this is a work of great value. The general public do not appreciate this class of pictures at their just value. How can they, when our critics, who pretend to direct their views and taste, do not? Yet it is one of the most intellectual of historic art, appealing always to educated minds and refined sensibilities. Of this order of pictures is also that of Mr. Edwin Blashfield, "A Pastime of Ancient Roman Ladies." The Emperor Commodus—"Hercules," as he loved to be styled—no doubt gave the *ton* to this kind of athletic amusement among the people, as he himself was a master gladiator, dressing in exact imitation of his hero, Hercules, while in the arena. The composition of this picture, the grouping of the numerous personages, the drawing, and detail of costume are all in advance of any previous work by Mr. Blashfield.

Charles S. Pearce sent a serious work, the "Sacrifice of Isaac," in which the figures are life size. The work is well conceived; the action of Abraham, arrested in his devotion by the downward flying angel, is good, and the drawing and painting of parts much superior to many works which received honorable notice. This again proves that foreign painters must excel to obtain even moderate recognition. Mr. Bispham, pupil of M. Van Marcke, was ferocious in his "Sultan," a poor, consumptive lion, whose anatomy seemed all awry and dislocated by his chase after a little antelope which, if he ate bones and all, would hardly make any difference in the contour of his flabby hide. We have seen better imitations of his master's manner and color since; but we would warn Mr. Bispham not to imitate his master any further than Van Marcke imitated his (Trojan), if he desires to be called original. We marked with pleasure the progress of Milne Ramsay in his "Presentation d'une Lettre de Cachet," for in this the figures are better posed, more dramatic and better drawn than in any work we remember of his. If this progress continues he will soon be as excellent in figures as he has long been as a painter of *nature morte*. It is a long time since we have had the need to speak of any lady painter, but now it has become a pleasant necessity to mention the work of Miss Elizabeth Jane Gardner, "A la Fontaine." Miss Gardner is a pupil of Bouguereau, Merle, and J. Lefebvre. Parts of this work are scarcely inferior to the first

of these masters. The pose of the figures is very graceful, the tone subdued and harmonious. The picture well deserved the "honorable mention" it received. Miss Gardner is from New Hampshire. We are very sure that there is not another lady in all New Hampshire can paint like her. John S. Sargent received "honorable mention" for his portrait of Carolus Duran, which was really one of the best portraits of the Salon. Mr. Sargent has the trick of making the "human face divine" more so, infusing a soul into his model where very little exists. His other picture was rather an imitation of Michetti, and inferior to his bright, true pictures of the Normandy coast, with the fisherwomen descending the sands; but these deviations mark rather an excess of talent than the lack of it. A mind and eye continually on the *qui vive* sees so much that is beautiful and desires to accomplish all.

Charles E. Dubois had two works—"October" and "Une Chaumière au Pied du Mont Vuilly, Switzerland"—both strongly painted and luminous with the warm grays of nature. Few Americans have a *coup de brosse* equal to Mr. Dubois. W. L. Picknell's "Vallée de Rustine" was worthy the admiration it excited, being in all respects a good picture. Chester Loomis has made a wonderful progress in his "Viola" (Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"), a life-size work of much vigor, good, brilliant color and strong effect. If we differed with Mr. Loomis in anything it would be in the conception of the character of the bright, witty page, who of herself says:

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like Patience on a monument
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

And of whose beauty and irresistible attraction Olivia says:

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast;—
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, action and spirit,
Soft! Soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
* * * * *
I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Again, after sending Malvolio to bring Viola back, that she may feast her eyes upon the beauty of the supposed boy:

Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath not tongue to vex you;
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny;
That honor, saved, may upon asking give?
Viola. Nothing but this: your true love for my master.
Olivia. How with mine honor can I give him that
Which I have given to you?
Viola. I will acquit you.
Olivia. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.

But to express this dramatic force in painting is the highest perfection of artistic culture, and cannot reasonably be looked for in a painter still as young as Mr. Loomis.

E. M. Ward's "Le Tonnelier" was much better than his "Sabotier;" warmer in color and the manner less brutal. Mr. Maynard had a very good portrait; but if it was intended to present the features of Mr. F. Millet, as one presumes from the title of the work, it looked as much like that gentleman as any one else, and would stand for the portrait of correspondents in general. As a portrait it was a failure. Mr. Millet is a promising artist, too, as he shows in his "Pacificateurs à San Stephano." Clement Swift sent a good work from the dreary gray seaside of Brittany, "Une Épave," a group of those quaintly dressed Bretons, with their little horses and rudely built cart, trying to haul away a mast thrown upon the sands by the yellow waves. Jules L. Stewart's portrait of "Lady A." was a clever piece of painting; rather too much attention paid to the drapery. D. R. Knight's "Vintage" was not a good illustration of O. W. Holmes's verses, and the painting was painfully hard. H. Bacon was scarcely



A CATSKILL TROUT BROOK. — W. WHITTREDGE, N. A.

more fortunate in his "Burial at Sea." To be sure, it was the most important composition yet attempted by Mr. Bacon. We turn with pleasure again to the "Leçon d'Escrime," by Walter Gay, painted with admirable delicacy, with decision, reminding one much of Pasini in the figures and Fortuny in the foliage and near leaves of the shrubs. Certainly two such examples can work no harm by close imitation—not copyism.

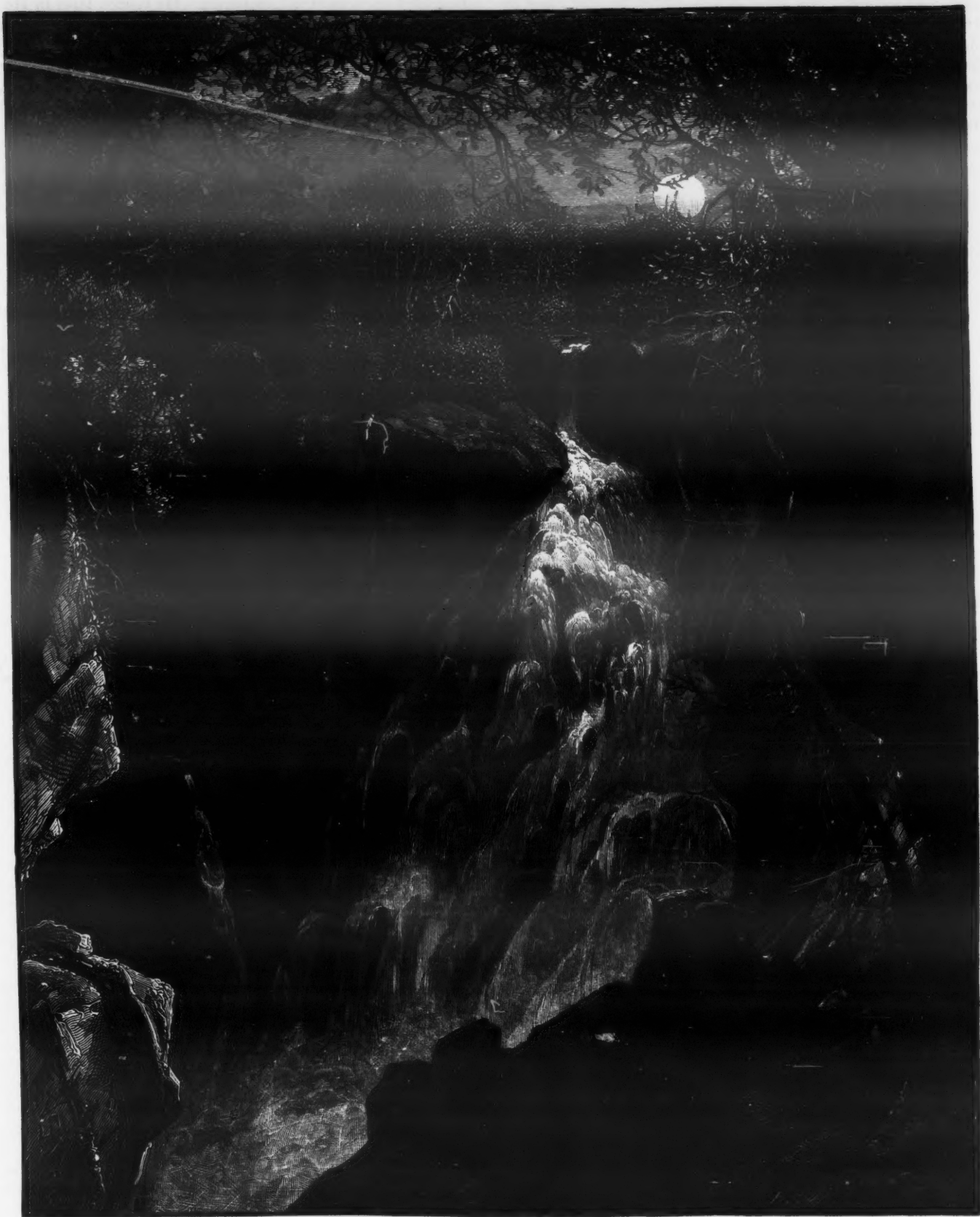
A foamy, frolicky, enjoyable work was W. H. Lippincott's "Un Jour de Congé," a group of little naked rascals turned loose upon the sands, to dabble and splash in the lucid ripples of the sea, dashing the water at each other, burying themselves in the hot sand, then rolling, shouting to the water's edge that the wavelets may wash them clean again. When men grow old, and

women too, and can nothing further do than to sit in the sun, too feeble even to brush the flies away, time presses lighter and the road downward is made smoother by reminiscences of just such *jours de congé*.

— *Outremer*.

WORTHINGTON WHITTREDGE.

WHAT Bryant was to the poetry of the woodlands and brook-sides, Whittredge is to their artistic and picturesque beauty. Even as a boy, the son of a farmer in the then wilderness of Ohio, he was an ardent lover of nature, and although he went to Cincinnati with the intention of pursuing a mercantile career, his



ST. ANN'S FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC, CANADA.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

love for the beautiful proved so strong that, at an early age, he determined to become an artist, and since then has been a sincere, earnest and loving student of the fields and the forests. Two of his pictures were sent to the Exposition Universelle, "The River Platte," belonging to the Century Club, of New York, and "The Trout Brook," in the possession of Mr. Whitlaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*. This charming picture, so tenderly and faithfully reproduced by the wood engraver, was not hung on the line at the Exhibition, although the artist's style and the smallness of the work demanded it, to say nothing of his rank in American Art. A simple work yet full of beauties! Mr. Whittredge is poetical in his treatment of subjects; he loves repose and a wide diffusion of light. In color he is tender and

harmonious. In the "Trout Brook" he takes us, in imagination, through the woods, by the side of a small and placid stream, until a point of great beauty is reached, where the white birches, maples, and other trees, grow in pretty clumps, like the Gothic columns of a cathedral, the branches arching overhead, forming a long vista down the depths of which one never tires gazing. This picture is similar in character to "A Catskill Brook," by the same artist, which appeared in vol. vi., page 82. The Hart brothers, the Giffords, Coolier, Howland, Richards, and many other American artists, delight in the same style of composition. Prof. Weir says: "Mr. Whittredge's pictures of forest solitudes, with the delicate intricacies of foliage, and the sifting down of feeble rays of light into depths of shade are always executed with

rare skill and feeling. His style is well suited to this class of subjects; it is loose, free, sketchy, void of all that is rigid and formal. He evinces a subtle sympathy with the suggestive and evanescent qualities of the landscape. But in his treatment of the open sky this artist is less happy. There is sometimes apparent a slight crudeness in his rendering of this feature of nature that is open to unfavorable criticism. His pictures, however, always express a sincere and tender motive. Mr. Whittredge has painted a number of pictures called "The Trout Brook."

There is one in the fine gallery of American works belonging to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke of 202 West 44th street, New York. Mr. J. H. Sherwood, of New York, purchased the "Trout Brook at Milford," which was seen at the National Academy in 1869, and Mr. H. G. Marquand, also of the same city, owns a "Trout Brook." The father of this artist was a New England farmer who emigrated to Ohio when that now populous State was a vast forest; here, in 1820, Worthington Whittredge was born. About 1840-2 he went to Cincinnati, hoping to engage in business as a merchant, but a trial of this life proving unsatisfactory, he adopted the profession of an artist. Even at this early day Cincinnati, which has since become such a famous art center, was the home of Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, and J. H. Beard, the animal painter, while the galleries of its private citizens contained early landscape works by

Durand, Doughty and Cole, and portraits by Jarvis, Chester Harding, Thomas Sully, and others. Beginning as a portrait painter, which he continued for some years with success, he at last turned to landscape art as more congenial. Finding a ready sale for his pictures in Cincinnati, he remained in that city until thirty years of age, when, in 1850, he visited Europe, taking with him enough commissions to keep him busy several months. Passing considerable time in the galleries of London and Paris, he finally went to Düsseldorf, and became for three years a pupil of Andreas Achenbach. During this time he made many summer excursions into the Alpine regions, and the picturesque neighborhood, painting many important works, some of which are said to "rival the work of his master in brilliancy and force." All of these early

landscapes are owned in Cincinnati. He visited later in Holland and Belgium, and in 1855 went to Rome where he remained four years, until he finally opened a studio in New York in 1859. He returned to America with a prestige which was not overshadowed by that of any other landscape painter in the country, and was immediately elected a National Academician. In 1866 he made a sketching tour on the Western plains, one of the results of which is the "View of the Rocky Mountains from the Platte River," in the collection of the Century Club. In 1874 he was

elected President of the Academy of Design, holding the office for three years.

Among some of this artist's other paintings are the "Old Hunting-ground," belonging to J. W. Pinchot, which was seen at the Paris Exhibition of '67: "an idyl that tells its story in a mouldering canoe resting on the bank of a shallow pool into which a deer has waded to drink, shaded by tall birches of primæval growth—impressive in its expression of solitude;" "Sangre di Christo Mountains, Colorado," in the collection belonging to Mr. Wm. B. Shattuck, of New York, painted in 1870; "Evening on the Delaware," 1871; "On the Hudson," 1872; "Home by the Seaside," sent to the Artists' Fund Society, in 1872, and now owned by Mr. Isaac Henderson, of New York, a work remarkable for its diffusion of light and expression of the sentiment of quiet and repose of country life; "Study of Rocky Mountain Asp-



RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

ins," 1866; "Christmas Eve, Italy," 1874, in the gallery of Chas. W. Griswold; "The Camp Meeting," "The Morning Stage," and "After the Rain," 1875; "Autumn on the Delaware," 1876; "Morning in the Woods," and "Evening in the Woods," 1877; "Paradise," Newport, R. I.; "The Window," belonging to R. L. Stuart, of New York; "A Hundred Years Ago," in the R. M. Olyphant collection; "The Pilgrims of St. Roche," owned by W. R. Smith; "Rhode Island Coast," sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and owned by A. M. Cozzens; "Twilight on the Shawangunk Mountains," which, with four of the pictures already named, was sent to the Centennial Exhibition; "A Home by the Sea," in the collection of S. J. Harriot; "Old House at Newport, R. I.," to the Artists' Fund of 1878; "Autumn in the Catskills," to



THE PAINTER'S REST. AFTER G. J. VIBERT.

the Artists' Fund of 1874; "Woodland Interior in the Catskills," belonging to Mr. Whitelaw Reid; "Late Autumn," to the Artists' Fund in 1877; "A Catskill Brook," to the Academy of 1879; "Old Road in the Woods," "Rhode Island Barnyard," to the Academy of 1878; "The Plains of Colorado," in the gallery of of Marshall O. Roberts; "Evening in the Woods," which was purchased at an Academy Exhibition for \$1,000, and "Twilight on the Plains," and "Scene on the Western Plains," to the Artists' Fund for 1879. Mr. Whittredge has a summer residence at Summit, N. J., and a studio in the Tenth Street Studio Building, New York, where he paints during the winter.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN.

ONE of the most celebrated characters in American fiction is Rip Van Winkle, the name of one of the Dutch colonists of New York, whose adventures are related in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." He is represented as having met a strange man, with a keg of liquor, in a ravine of the Catskill Mountains, which is now pointed out to tourists as they climb the mountain road going west from the Hudson River. Having obligingly assisted the strange man to carry his load to a wild retreat among the rocks he there found a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins, with the gravest of faces and in the most mysterious silence. His awe and apprehension having by degrees subsided, he ventured, when no eye was fixed on him, to steal a taste of the beverage. He repeated the draught so often that at length his senses were overpowered, and he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted twenty years, although it seemed but one night. Meanwhile his wife had died, and his old home, as graphically seen in Mr. Davis's picture, fell into decay; his daughter was married; his former cronies were dead, or scattered; there had been a war of revolution, etc. This story has been dramatized and, with Mr. Joseph Jefferson as its interpreter, is now one of the classical American dramas. Recently the opera of "Sleepy Hollow" has been founded on the same romance. The moment chosen by the artist is when Rip Van Winkle reaches the door of his former home, in the village of Falling Waters, and is bewildered at the changed aspect of affairs. His old gun is useless; his garments are falling from his limbs, he cannot comprehend the situation; the village dogs even do not know him—and this is, perhaps, to him the unkindest cut of all. As acted by Mr. Jefferson, this scene is powerful, realistic and pathetic.

PARIS SALON PICTURES.

"THE Germans take life too seriously; the French contrive to invest everything they touch with grace and beauty—life for them is joyous, happy, full of sunshine." Such was the conclusion reached by a German art critic after studying the almost innumerable *genre* pictures exhibited by his countrymen at the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1879. There is, as we all know, a wide difference in temperament between the Teutonic and Latin races; the conditions surrounding life in Germany are much harder than in France, and it is but natural that the pictures produced by the two peoples should present wide contrasts. Most German artists put thought into their works; they try to tell a story of human emotions, and are not altogether content with a pretty figure, or a simple incident which may express little or nothing. A Frenchman, like M. Adolphe Piot, will dash upon the canvas a gracious little tableau, even if the subject is not a new one. A little brown Italian girl, with expressive black eyes, and hair that has been bleached and reddened from long exposure to the sun, is holding a basket of peaches and grapes, which she offers for sale to those who pass by. There is nothing in a subject like this to weary the imagination of the artist, but being a Frenchman he produces a graceful and pretty picture. The costume of "The Little Merchant" is picturesque, and on her face there is a smile which the Frenchmen call *ravissant de grâce*. The little mouth is full of expression, and we seem to hear the words: "Please buy my peaches and grapes." The subject is one giving room for a combination of bright colors. M. Piot was born at Digoin, in the

province of Saône-et-Loire, France, and is a pupil in Paris of M. L. Cogniet. He is a regular exhibitor at the Salon, where he has sent such pictures as "The Little Merchant," "Rêverie," "Italienne," and "Jeune Fille."

"The Altar Boy," or, as he is styled in French, "L'Enfant de Choeur," is from the brush of M. Charles Monginot, of Paris. This is an extremely simple picture, with nothing artificial about it. In his search for light and colors the artist pleases himself regarding the details of his composition. And where could he find these better than near the altar of a church of Rome? The serving boy who waits upon the priest is in the act of extinguishing the thurible. The expression upon his face, the embroidery upon his robe, the rich and sober furniture of the church, have each been treated with conscientiousness and ability. The tonality of this picture is sombre, befitting the subject, and the coloring is vivid. The artist was born at Brienne-Napoléon, in the province of Aube, and is a pupil of M. Couture. He was represented in the Centennial Exhibition by a picture called "The Friends of the House." Among his Salon pictures, besides the one reproduced, have been "La Singe et la Thésauriseur," from La Fontaine's Fables; "Un Puits," "Bébé," "Le Bruit de la Mer," and "Un Dénicheur d'Oiseaux." He is, also, a portrait painter.

M. Pierre-Marie Beyle, the painter of "Yamina, a Moorish Girl in Algiers," is a colorist, and finds in that country an abundance of material for his strong palette. The figure of the girl he has wrought upon the canvas is strongly composed, plastic, and statue-like. The lines are exceedingly graceful, as the one running from the right shoulder downwards to the end of the gold-embroidered slipper upon the right foot; so, too, the right arm is beautifully posed. The other lines in this composition, as the sweep of the peacock's tail, the curve of its breast, the flowing hair of Yamina, the outline of the Moorish arch at the right, and even the water-jug placed by the side of the girl, are all in harmony—all flowing from above, downwards, in long curves. We must not look for much profound feeling in the face of the woman, whose eyes are downcast, and who is simply amusing herself by tantalizing a pet peacock. This picture is rather to be admired for its grace and rich color, than sentiment. The skin of the Moorish beauty is dark, reflecting the hues of copper; her jewels are of bright barbaric gold, sparkling with gems; her coal black hair falls in a flood of wealth about her well-rounded shoulders; she holds in her left hand a dish heaped with rich tropical fruits; her arms and chest are protected by fleecy white muslin, delicately checkered; her skirt is of the finest silk from Broussa, and for a girdle she has a magnificent silk sash heavily fringed at the end. This figure is painted against a luminous background, and is contrasted with the gorgeous and prismatic hues of the peacock. Such a work is almost sensuous in its rich color effects. The artist was born in Lyons, and has a studio in Paris. His pictures have attracted attention at the Salon for a number of years. Among them have been: "The Last Attack on Coco," "The Parure of the Bride," "The Toilette in the Studio," "The Book Merchant," "The Collation," "La Pont du Maître," and "Combat de Tortures."

M. Henri-Jacques Burgers is a fortunate artist, who has two studios—one in Paris, and one for summer use on Avenue Lafontaine, at Maisons-Laffitte. It is from this latter place he has given us the pleasing picture of "The Fountain." Here, again, the subject is by no means a new one, nor are we to look for any profound intention on the part of the artist. A young and *petit* maiden has wandered down the leafy avenue until she has reached the grim and colossal stone face of the wayside fountain; she stops before it for a moment to allow a refreshing stream of spring water to fall upon a bouquet of field flowers. The contrast between her face and the one cut in stone is as great as can be wished—soft, rounded, sweet beauty, by the side of hard, square and grotesque ugliness. The charming image presented by the young woman must have been one of those happy incidents which impressed itself upon the memory of the artist. She advances to the fountain's brim with timidity, stands upon the tips of her toes and gathers up the skirt of her dress in a dainty manner. Above soars a white dove, emblematic of purity. One can easily imagine the depth of tones in such a work: the tender grays and greens of the foliage, the brown and bluish tints in the rockwork, the rank vegetation of the pool, the sunlight glistening on the water, and the rose-colored silk in which the maiden is robed. M. Burgers



THE ALTAR BOY.—AFTER CHARLES MONGINOT.



YAMINA, A MOORISH GIRL IN ALGIERS.—AFTER P. M. BEYLE.

was born at Huissen-en-Gueldre, Pays-Bas, and has been a pupil of M. L. Royer and the Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam. His wife, who is a native of Holland, is also an artist, having a studio with her husband, and exhibits at the Salon. Among the pictures which M. Burgers has exhibited at the Salon in recent years are "Ophelia," from the fourth act and seventh scene of "Hamlet;" "Le Faquin;" "One, Two, Three!" "Guignol chez un Pêcheur de Katwyk-sur-Mer, Pays-Bas," and "Le Bain."

refuses to receive within his house. The arms of the good Samaritan are also gracefully opened, as he proffers a purse of gold with one hand and points to the object of his commiseration with the other. Again, the arms of the patient are stretched wide apart, the line leading the eye to the same point indicated by the Moor in the door. The men who are carrying the sick man down the steps assume graceful and natural positions, and altogether the work, as a composition, from an artistic point of



THE MENDICANT. — KEMPLER.

"The Good Samaritan," from the *atelier* of M. E. L. Dupain, is a more ambitious and important work than any of this series previously noticed. It obtained for its author a medal of the first class from the Paris Salon of 1877. The group of five men and a horse is artistically and harmoniously composed, the good Samaritan and the sick man balancing each other in prominence, while the "lines" of the picture make a charming study. Only an artist would draw the extended arms of the Moor, who stands in the doorway, parallel with the prone form of the sick man he

view, is admirable. There is a fine opportunity for color in a sunlit Eastern scene like this, which we may be sure M. Dupain improved. He was born at Bordeaux, became pupil of M. Cabanel, and won his first medal, of the second class, in 1875. He has also the distinction of *hors concours*. Among other pictures which he has exhibited at the Salon are "Le Vieux Chasseur," "Chasseresse," and "Le Droit de Sortie, à Bordeaux, XVIth Siècle." This last work was a pleasing historical picture, owing its inspiration to the fact that in the sixteenth century, when the captains

of the mercantile marine of Bordeaux were about to sail with their vessels loaded with wine, they were obliged to pay duty at the moment of quitting the port. In exchange for this they received from the officials a branch of cypress, which they fixed to

left; yet he possesses the happy faculty of so arranging his *tableau* that the effect is pleasing and the story well told. Vibert is fond, also, of artistic and luxurious details, which he scatters about in profusion, and then proceeds to reproduce upon the can-



THE FOUNTAIN AT MAISONS-LAFFITTE. — AFTER H. J. BURGERS.

their masthead, thus indicating to the guard of the port that *l'impôt de sortie* had been paid.

It does not require much creative ability, or energy, on the part of an artist, to arrange a picture like "The Painter's Rest," by G. J. Vibert. He seldom has more than two or three figures in his pictures, one of which is usually at the right, the other at the

vas with careful fidelity. Few of this artist's canvases show a group of figures, much less two groups, which are far more difficult to harmonize. In his picture of "The Committee on Moral Literature," formerly in the Latham gallery at San Francisco, there were two priests sitting, one behind the other, reading; in "The New Servant" there is a man and woman at table, while the



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—AFTER E. I. DUPAIN.

applicant for a situation has just entered the room at the right; in the "Schism in the Church," we see two ecclesiastical dignitaries seated back to back; and in the "Antechamber of Monsignore" we have a priest and a girl for the principal group. Thus it will be seen that, as regards composition, Vibert is con-

finied to the simplest form, and can not, in this respect, be considered a great artist. The story of "The Painter's Rest" is so well told by the wood engraving, a letter-press explanation can add nothing. The unfinished portrait on the easel has been repainted as a separate picture by the artist, and not long ago could



FROM "NATHAN THE WISE."—S. GOTTLIEB.

be seen in a picture gallery in New York. This artist recently painted to order for an American gentleman a rehearsal scene in a convent, with monks and acolytes singing and playing. Contrasted reds and whites form the chief color motive. Hamerton says Vibert colors brightly enough, and so far delivers himself from French mud; yet it is not a desirable kind of brightness

It seems as if his taste for bright colors—for such things as a pair of yellow satin breeches—was unlucky with regard to the artistic quality of his pictures, though it may add to their liveliness and popularity. Bright colors are not by any means objectionable in themselves, but they ought to form part of a harmony, like the blare of a trumpet in a piece of concerted music; and it

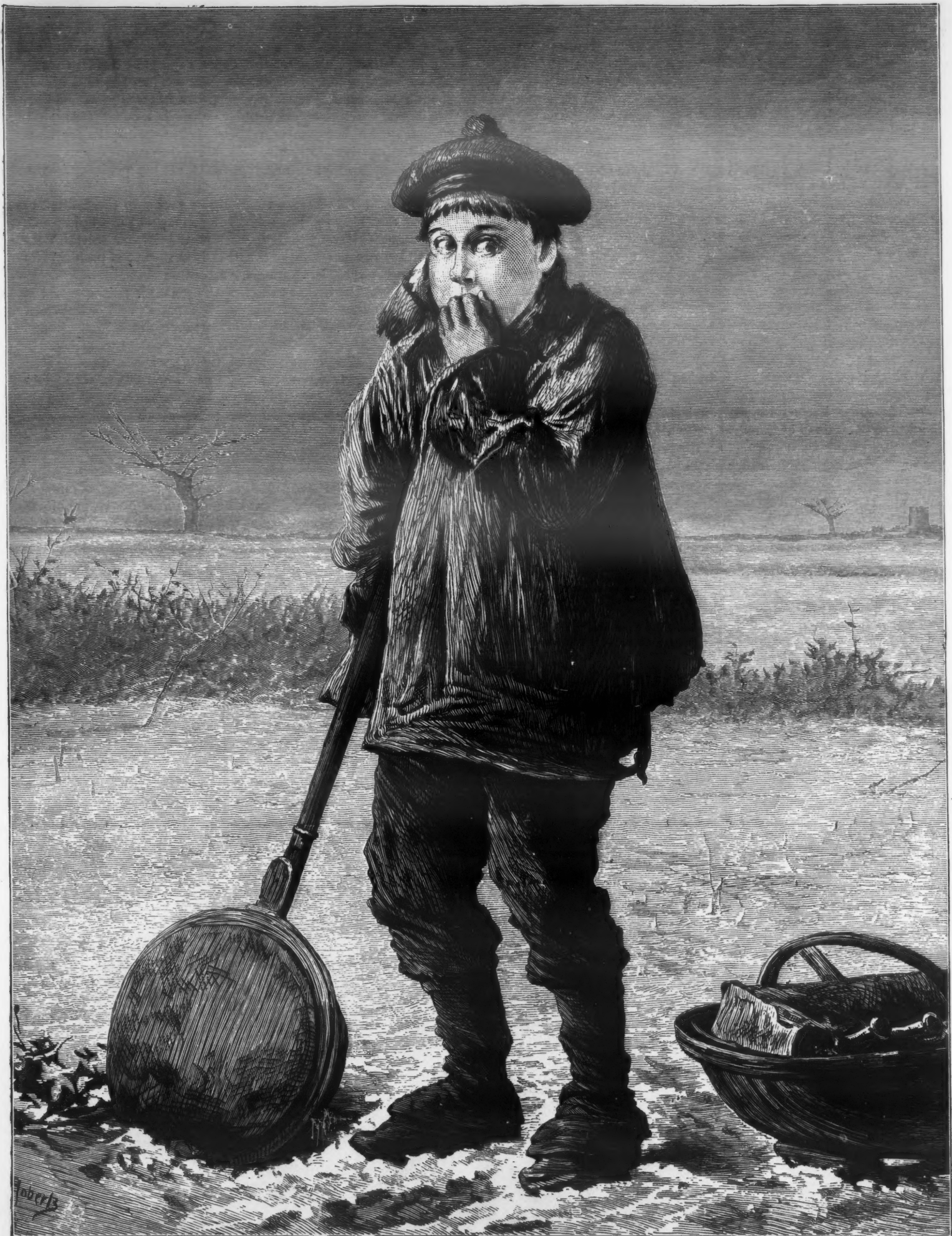


J.C. Dollman.

A CHRISTMAS BEGGAR.—J. C. DOLLMAN.

seems that in Vibert's pictures the colors are dangerously independent. His comic wit is delightful. Take, for example, the picture of "The Serenade," where a young gentleman is singing

of love, and his servant—hidden from the lady, but visible to us—is sitting with the guitar-case on his knee and observing the amorous youth with the most absolute non-sympathy, and a quiet



HOME COMFORTS.—H. ROBERTS.

wonder how young gentlemen can be so silly. There is character in every figure by Vibert, and none more so than in the fat, sleepy old gentleman in "The Painter's Rest." Those who admire this

artist's pictures had the opportunity, during the continuance of the Fair held in the new armory of the Seventh Regiment in New York, November–December, 1879, of studying four of his

latest works—"The Sacred Concert," belonging to John Jacob Astor; "Going to the Bath" and "Rehearsing," in the possession of J. Abner Harper; and "The Spanish Muleteer," loaned by M. Knoedler & Co.. The largest and most important of these is Mr. Astor's "Sacred Concert." In this picture there is a group of eight monks, robed in white, standing in a row, within the shadow of a large and highly ornate room in a convent, each deeply engaged in singing. The expression upon their faces is earnest, serious, and filled with a love for music. Placed as they are, within a half shadow, the effect is soft, cool and pleasing. In front of this group there are three acolytes clad in scarlet, a color which is especially pleasing to Vibert, and appears to captivate the American eye, fond as it is of strong contrasts and bright tones. One of these acolytes is earnestly playing upon a bass viol; a fair young man at his right, and nearly in the centre of the picture, is seated before a grand piano, playing, while the conductor of the concert, an aged gentleman, also robed in scarlet, sits in a huge armed chair at the side of the piano, his limbs wrapped in rich blankets and stuffs to protect them from the cold marble floor, his arms raised to indicate the time and volume of the music. At the right hand background of the picture the eye loses itself among a series of red marble pillars and arches. This pleasing and striking picture is in Vibert's best style, and if it offends somewhat by its glaring scarlets, the whole possesses unusual attractions in the vividness with which the concert is portrayed, in the effective grouping, the fine drawing, and wonderful execution. Two of the other pictures exhibited—"Rehearsing" and the "Spanish Muleteer"—were small cabinet pictures; exquisite studies of single figures. "Rehearsing" is the same acolyte in scarlet as in the "Sacred Concert," playing by himself upon the bass viol, a huge stand in the form of a greenish bronze eagle being placed before him, holding the music. The "Spanish Muleteer" shows a man wearing green satin pantaloons, trimmed with gold, sitting upon his saddle, which has been thrown down by a wall, thrumming a guitar. His head is bound around with a yellow satin handkerchief, a tint of that brightness which Mr. Hamerton says is not desirable. There is so little of it in this picture, however, it does not offend the eye, while the whole work is otherwise low in tone and harmonious in color.

NATHAN THE WISE.

WITH the exception of Goethe's "Faust," there is no poem in German literature which has received so much special study as "Nathan the Wise," by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. The scene is laid in Jerusalem, and the principal characters are the Sultan Saladin; Sittah, his sister; Nathan, a rich and wise Jew of Jerusalem; Recha, his adopted daughter; Daja, a Christian woman;

Al Hafi, a Dervise, etc., etc. The scene selected by the artist for illustration from this drama is a room in the Sultan's palace, where Saladin and Sittah are playing a game of chess. The Sultan does not play well, and his sister beats him, asking, at the same time, what so disturbs him? He replies that he has been to Mount Lebanon and seen their father, whose cares still burden him. "What cramps him?" asks the Sultan's sister. "This fatal, accursed gold!" is the answer. The Sultan then calls for Hafi, and commands him to pay to Sittah one thousand denari. Al Hafi studies the game, and replies: "The game is not over, Saladin—not lost." "No matter! pay!" roars the Sultan. Whereupon Al Hafi begins to divulge a secret to the Sultan, to the effect that his generous sister has supported the whole court, herself alone defraying the expenses of the Sultan. Sittah does not wish her brother to hear this, and is in the act of pushing him away from the table to distract his attention.

S. Gottlieb, the artist, is one of the younger painters, whose pictures have attracted attention at Vienna, a pupil of Professor Angeli. Among his works of importance are "Shylock and Jessica," "Uriel Acosta and Juditha van den Straaton," and a series of compositions illustrating Lessing's great poem. It is admitted that he is a young man of superior talents, who gives promise of much good work in the future.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

THERE is no Christian country, probably, where so much is thought of the Christmas festival by all classes of the people as England, and naturally we have two English pictures by English artists, representing homely incidents at this season of the year. In both instances the snow has fallen thick and heavy, and the air is stinging in its coldness. Warmth and good cheer reigns within doors, however, with the misletoe-bough over head, and a large piece of American roast-beef smoking hot, ready to be served on the master's table. No wonder the poor, neglected street dog begs for the savory morsel the little girl holds in her hand. The question is, will he get it? In "Home Comforts" Mr. Roberts has given us a bleak English moor, with the figure of a ruddy, warmly-clad English boy blowing his fingers to warm them. He is on his way to some country house, with an old-fashioned pan for warming the bed, and a hamper or basket of good things to eat and drink. The sending of Christmas gifts, such as may be unpacked from a hamper and placed on a dinner-table, is still recognized in England as a proper mode of expressing personal regard. In this country, as well, the Christmas season is recognized as the most fitting time for the exercise of charity and deeds of friendship. These pictures are universal in their application, depicting incidents common in all Christian lands.

